This morning, while I am writing this: "A rather delicate little dish: red mullet with tomato sauce. Do you like it? This is French cooking, nothing to do with Italy." All this said very rapidly and *confidentially.*

A little later:

"It's not for me to offer you sweets . . . but if you like them . Do you like this?"

"I don't know; what is it?"

"The most original and at the same time the commonest thing in the world: custard."

And he pours into my plate a sort of inedible paste.

He baptizes as "veal roastbeef this hideous white meat with red edges.

As proprietor of the hotel-pension I/Hermitage, he claims (in my presence) to be an ardent francophile and talks of committing suicide because I point out to him that it would have been more French to write Ermitage without an *h.*

In the window of the large pastry and candy shop in Santa Margherita, in gold letters protected by a sheet of glass: "The principal languages spoken here/\

DIMINUTIVE NOVEL

The vegetables, I told him, are no more made for man than man is made for them or for anything else.

Perfect adaptation of each thing to itself, in its place, without the slightest care whether it is an advantage or disadvantage to man.

Too slight foliage of the pines. Narrow leaves of the palms.

Eucalyptus with vertical leaves, which barely throw light strips of shadow on the ground when the sun is directly overhead.

MOB&AS

The Greek exoticism (of Moreas) [19] not even apparent to many, because they became accustomed to it in school; habit

of the mind that consists in seeing in the externals of life only the plastic side (I was about to say sculptural) and to recognize the most authentic movement of the heart only from gestures.

[19] Born in Greece, his real name was Papadiamantopoulos.